THE HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY ELECTION.

Being mounted, in their Beſt Array,
Upon a Steed, *and, Who but They?*
And follow'd with a World of Tall-Lads,
That merry Ditties *troll'd, and* Ballads,
Did Ride with many a Good-Morrow,
Crying, Hey for our Town, *thro' the* Burrough.
HUDIBRASS.

A Mottley Mixture! in long Wigs in Bags,
In Silks, in Crapes, in Garters, and in Rags;
From Drawing-Rooms, from Colleges, from Garrets,
On Horſe, on Foot, in Hacks, and gilded Chariots.

To which are added the following SONGS.

SONG. I. The TRIMMER.
II. The *Cautious* DRINKER.
III. The GOOD-FELLOW.
IV. The *Jovial* DRINKER.
V. The *Cœleſtial* BANQUET.

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[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY *ELECTION.*

AT the Time of the Year when the *Citizens* Wives
Do flock to the *Wells*, to preſerve their dear Lives
With Purgative *Salts*, to force them to - - - - -
And make their Receptacles ſweeter for Kiſſing.

When

When their *Buff*-colour'd Daughters kept a great Pother,

By Urine, to whiten themſelves with their Mothers.

Whilſt their Hornify'd Fathers, who love to be ſtirring,

Were mounted on Kephills, with Whipping and Spurring;

As fierce as *Knight-Errants*; for none can be bolder,

Than he that's entitl'd to be a *Freeholder*;

Whilſt trotting they were to Countries reſpective,

To give in their Votes for the *Members* Elective,

I, at that Time, did take an Occaſion

To trudge to a Town in the *Weſt* of our Nation,

For better Sound-ſake, it is call'd *Corporation*:

Then cocking my Beaver, I boldly did venture

To a fine noble Inn, in the great Market's Centre;

I call'd to the Drawer, for Bread and for Cheeſe,

Who anſwering, ſaid, "You may have what you pleaſe:

"I believe

" I believe, by your Garb, you're a Gentleman
" bred,
" So I'll tell you the Truth; and no more's to
" be ſaid:
" Here's *Chickens*, and *Rabbits*, and a delicate
" Diſh
" Of *Veniſon* that's roaſted, and all Sorts of *Fiſh*;
" *Beer* by whole Tuns, and *Wine* that will fox ye,
" Drink, if you pleaſe, until you are Bosky:
" Sir *John*, and his *Worſhip* are pleaſed this Day,
" To treat all that come, and they nothing muſt
" Pay.

Is it ſo then? ſaid I, ſince all Things are *gratis*,
I'll ſtuff out my *Wem*, my *Paunch* ſhall have *ſatis*;
The Drawer I took at firſt for a Jeſter,
Yet, nevertheleſs, I tipp'd him a *Teſter*:
He ſmilingly took it, and uſher'd me in
To a Gluttonous Place, a Room full of Sin:

Such Company ſure I never did fall in ;
His Worſhip the *Mayor*, was a *Weaver* by Calling;
I thought him a *Lawyer*, he kept ſuch a Bawling.
The *Aldermen* ſat moſt demurely to hear
What the *Oracle* ſpoke from the *Worſhipful* Chair.

Says he, " This Zur *John* is a well-ſpoken
" Mon,
" As onny i'th' Country, deny it who con ;
" He's woundily witty : They zay, he did tauk,
" In the *Parliament-Houſe*, about *Taxing* of Chauk:
" And if it be zo ; then Neighbours, we muſt
" Ne'er buy onny *Chauk*, nor give onny *Truſt* ;
" Then Trading will mend ; *God bleſs him he*
" *ſpoke on't* ;
" But there is zome others, they ſay, make a Joke
on't ;

" They

" They zay, he's *Low-Church*, let um zay what
" they pleaſe,
" He's an honeſt good Mon; their Tongues
" will ne'er ceaſe,
" Till they're brought before me, I'm a *Juſtice*
" *of Peace.*

" That's true, honeſt Brother, quoth *Alderman*
" SNOB,
" Zome People they equalize would us with *Job*:
" Let me tell ye, dear Brethren, it is my Zuppinion,
" There's Reaſon in roaſting an *Egg*, or an *Onion*:
" Then who would not give their Voices for zuch
" Men,
" As are true to the *King*, and woundy good
" *Church-Men* ?
" I love not thoſe Men that do church it on *Zunday*,
" And, *Hypocrite*-like, to a *Bawdy-Houſe* on *Monday*.

" No, no, nor I, quoth *Alderman* TANNER,
" *Zatan* hath liſted ſuch under his Banner.

" Let me tell ye, there's zome about the great
" Zitty
Of *London* are wicked, the more is the Pitty:
" Here's a Health to Zur *John*, 'chill gulge it
" however,
" And his Worſhip the 'Squire, we'll put 'um
" together
" May they live, may they thrive, and proſ-
" per for ever.
" Bravely perform'd, ſays the *Clerk* of the
" Town,
" I'll pledge it myſelf, though it flies in my
" Crown.

The CLERK ſings.

WITH a Bumper in my Hand,
And my Knee to the Ground,
And ſo let this Health
Go merrily round.

II.

Theſe are the Men,
That made us Good Laws;
And ſuch Men as theſe
Shall have our Applauſe.

III.

Long Live the 'Squire,
And likewiſe Zur John;
Drink about their Healths,
Toſs the Glaſs ev'ry one.

IV.

Vollow me, vollow me,
Do as I have done,
'Till Wine makes our Vaces
Shine like the Zun.

THE Glaſſes went round from one to another,
With four in a Hand, and made ſuch a Pother,
They with Smoaking and Drinking their Senſes did ſmother.

THEN the Worſhipful *Mayor* took me by the Hand,
Saying, " Zur, I preſume, and do underſtand,
" That you are a Stranger; pray do not refuſe,
" At our Requeſt, to tell us ſome News.

EXCUSE me, quoth I, We won't, ſays a *Thatcher*;
Uds-zooks, we muſt have it, ſays *Stitch-up* the *Patcher*.
Why then, quoth I, to the ignorant Crew,
I read in a Paper, 'tis ſome Time ago,
That the *Muſes* were fled, and all of them gone
To dwell at *Parnaſſus*, and drink *Hellicon*:

I likewiſe did read it was five Hours Journey

From *Tournay* to *Liſle*, and from *Liſle* unto *Tournay*;

And what was more ſtrange, the *Scheld* and the *Lis*

Were both ſeen in *Ghent*, and each other did kiſs;

And a Party of Horſe were ſeen to come over

By the Help of Cork-Shooes, from *Dunkirk* to *Dover*;

And that the *Egyptians* were likely to ſpoil us,

By ſtopping with Pan-Cakes the River of *Nilus*;

And that other ſtrange News the ſame Courier brought,

How that Jackets and Red-Coats were Forty a Groat:

All this I affirm'd, but had like to've forgot,

Of a curſed Deſign, they talk'd of a Plot:

Beneath *London-Bridge*, they ſay, there was found

Ten Barrels of Oat-Meal, hid cloſe in the Ground,

With

With a Match that was burning, to blow up together

The *Bridge*, and the *Monument*, God knows whither.

" Dear Zur, quoth the Mayor, what Mind
" were they got in ?

" A Parcel of Rogues, they'll be hang'd for
" their Plotting :

" Beſides, let me tell ye, it is of Concern,

" If the Bridge is blown up, the Houſes will
" burn.

" Plotters, Deſtroyers, the Devil may rot um,

" They'll fire the Wool-Sacks that lie at the
" Bottom.

Then went a Health round to his Worſhip's good Lady,

To the 'Squire his Son, that pretty ſweet Baby ;

Which done, they ſoon ſtarted another Diſcourſe,

Concerning Cork-Shooes, and a Party of Horſe ;

But

But the *Vicar* approach'd in Canonical Robe,
Tatter'd and ragged, an Emblem of *Job*;
He led on the Van of a mighty great Train
Of *Aldermens* Wives that were hot in the Brain;
To bring up the Rear the *Mayoress* came after,
For she halted some Time to scatter her Water;
No more of Cork-Shooes; this ended the Matter.

THUS the *Vicar* began with Learned Oration,
To state out the Case of the *Church* and the *Nation*:

" I never like Men which carry Two Faces;
" They're like unto Mules, half Horses, half
" Asses;
" They're *Heterogenus*, and unfit to breed on,
" Nor worthy the Meat or Drink that they
" feed on;
" Or like *London Scullers*, the more is the Pitty,
" That look at *Whitehall*, and row to the City:

" And

" And muſt ſuch Men as theſe I mention be cho-
" ſen,

" Whoſe Hearts are a melting, and whoſe Tongues
" are frozen;

" Decrepid and Old, their Vigour is gone:

" What ſay you, good Women, are you for
" Sir *John*?

" Or his Worſhip the 'Squire, who broke his
" Wife's Noſe,

" And abandons her Bed, and will buy her no
" Cloaths;

" Nay, he beat his Cook-Maid for Kiſſing in
" *Lent*;

" Shall Sir *John*, or the 'Squire, to *London* be
" ſent?

" I adviſe the contrary, and ſo does my *Clerk*,

" And our Neighbour the *Farmer* that dwells
" in the Park.

" What think ye of chooſing Sir *Chriſtopher*
" *Prim*?

" He's a proper young Man, give your Voices
" for him,

" And

" And Sir *Pimlico Court-all*; to tell you the
" Truth,

" He's a Noble, a Sprightly, and Generous
" Youth:

" So he is, ſays a Woman, upon my dear Life,

" Tho' I am but poor, and a *Cobler*'s Wife,

" As he paſs'd down the Street, tho' I thought
" he had miſt me,

" He ſmilingly came, and obligingly kiſt
me:

" He always has been to my Husband a Friend,

" He ſent him an old Pair of Boots for to mend;

" And the very firſt Time he came to the Town,

" For a Pair of Heel-Pieces he gave him a
" Crown;

" For which very Reaſon you well may ſuppoſe
" I'll do what I can that he may be choſe;
" And curſe of all them that do him oppoſe.

THEN Mrs. *May'reſs* did take an Occaſion
To belch forth, with Hiccups, her Female
" Oration:

" Neighbour *Jordan*, ſaid ſhe, I plainly do tell
" ye,

" My Husband one Time kick'd me on the
" Belly;

" Becauſe I avow'd that Sir *Pimlico Prim*

" Was a generous Gentleman, gallant and trim:

" I ſuppoſe that his Worſhip, my *Lie-by*, is jea-
" lous,

" Becauſe that he catch'd him with me at an
" Ale-houſe:

" Be it ſo, be it not, I care not a Fart,

" He ſhall give him his Vote, or I'll tear out
" his Heart.

THUS Alderman *Pinch-Belly*'s Wife did be-
gin

To give her Advice, firſt cocking her Chin;

" Neighbours, ſaid ſhe, then clinching her Fiſt,

" They're gallant young Gentlemen zure as e're
" piſt:

" Sir

" Sir *John*, and the 'Squire, zure never ſhall
" have

" A good Word from me, nor the Vote of my
" Slave

" If Fumbling Wife-Beaters to *London* are ſent,

" For Want of Young-Men, then I'll be con-
" tent

" That my Husband be choſe; his Qualifica-
" tion,

" And Title's as good as moſt in the Nation.

THE Women then ſwore by the Truncheon
of *Mars*,

" That if any old Cuckold ſhould hold back
" an Arſe,

" And not give his Vote for ſuch gallant young
" Men,

" That could pleaſure the Women again and
" agen,

" They'd drub the old Hides of ſuch Cuckold-
" ly Coxcombs,

" Make Scoops of their Shanks, like thoſe
made of Ox-Bones;

" Bore Holes in their Skulls, and cut off their
" Tales,

" And turn them adrift to the Mountains of
" *Wales.*

SAYS the Worſhipful *Mayor*, and Alderman *Tanner*;

" Rather than treated we'll be in this Manner,

" To keep our Skins whole, and preſerve our
" dear Lives,

" We both will ſubmit, and agree with our
" Wives:

The reſt ſaid the ſame, and ſwore they would do it;

AMEN, ſays the *Clerk* and *Vicar* unto it.

And now nothing remains but to make ourſelves mellow,

And join in a Song to the *Careleſs* GOOD-FELLOW.

THE

Careleſs GOOD-FELLOW.

I.

A Pox of this Fooling, and Plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpicions and Fears,
Let them ſcuffle and jar, 'till they go by the Ears:
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at Quiet.

II.

What Coxcombs were thoſe who would barter their Eaſe,
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs?
At Old Tyburn *they never had needed to ſwing,*
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Deſign;
He has no Room for Treaſon, that is Top-full of Wine.

III. *I mind*

III.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let them Sit or Prorogue as his Majeſty pleaſe;
Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging, when dead, ſo alive I have Wine:
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To blame them for making my Claret ſo dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Aſſes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already; and he deſerves Laughter
That will trouble his Head with who ſhall be after:
Come, here's to his Health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all Care and Trouble as we.

THE TRIMMER.

PRAY lend me an Ear, if you've any to ſpare,
You that love Common-wealth as you hate Common-Prayer,
That can in a Breath, Pray, Diſſemble and Swear,
Which No-body can deny.

I'm firſt on the wrong Side, and then on the Right;
To Day I'm a Jack, *and To-morrow a* —— mite;
I for either King pray, but for neither dare fight.
Which No-body can deny.

Sometimes

Sometimes I'm a Rebel, ſometimes I'm a Saint;
Sometimes I can preach, at other Times cant;
There is nothing but Grace, I thank God that I want.

Which No-body can deny.

Old Babylon's *Whore I cannot endure her,*
I'm a ſanctify'd Saint, there's none can be purer;
For Swearing I hate like any Non-juror.

Which No-body can deny.

Preciſely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
Where ſighing I ſit, and ſuch ſorrowful Greeting,
Makes me hate a long Prayer, and two Hours Prating.

Which No-body can deny.

And then I ſing Pſalms as if never weary;
Yet I muſt confeſs, when I'm frolick and merry,
More Muſick I find in, A Boat to the Ferry.

Which No-body can deny.

I can

I can pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round;

I can ſay, Heavens bleſs; or, The Devil confound;

I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Which No-body, &c.

I can pray for a Biſhop, and curſe an Arch-Deacon;

I can ſeem very ſorry when any Town's taken;

I can ſay any Thing to ſave my own Bacon.

Which No-body, &c.

The Times are ſo tickliſh, I vow and proteſt,

I know not which Party or Cauſe to embrace;

I'll ſide with thoſe to be ſure that are leaſt in Diſtreſs.

Which No-body, &c.

With the Jacks, *I rejoic'd that* Savoy *was defeated*;

With the Whigs, *I ſeem'd pleas'd he ſo bravely retreated*;

Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated.

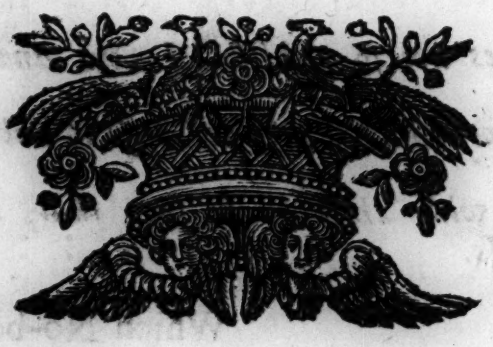
Which No-body, *&c.*

Each Party, you ſee, is thus full of great Hope,

There are ſome for the Devil, and ſome for the Pope,

And I am for any Thing, but for a Rope.

Which No-body can deny.



THE *Cautious* DRINKER.

MY Maſters and Friends, who ever intends
To trouble this Room with Diſcourſe;
You that ſit by, are as guilty as I,
Be your Talk the better or worſe:
Now leaſt you ſhould prate of Matters of State,
Or any elſe that might hurt us;
We rather will drink off our Cups to the Prink,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

SUPPOSE you ſpeak clean from the Matter you mean,
That's not a Pin here nor there;
Yet take this Advice, be both merry and wiſe,
You know not what Creatures be near:
Or ſuppoſe that ſome Sot ſhould lurk in the Pot,
To ſcatter out Words that may hurt us;
To free that ſame Doubt, we'll ſee all the Pot out,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

IF any Man be in bodily Fear
Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of Proof ſhall keep her aloof;
Here's Liquor will make a Man ſpeak;
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice, of this *Helicon* Juice,
And then he ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

He that rails at the Times, in Proſe or in Rhimes,
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon,
Sings Prophecies ſtrange, and threatens ſome Change,
And hangs them upon the Queen's Tomb:
He is but a Railer, or prophecying Taylor,
To ſcatter out Words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no Matches, but drink and ſing Catches,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

It is a mad Zeal for a Man to reveal,
His ſecret Thoughts when he bouſes;
He is but a Widgeon that talks of Religion
In Taverns or in Tipling Houſes:
It is not for us ſuch Things to diſcourſe,
Let's talk of nothing that may hurt us;
But let's begin a new Health to our King,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

AMIDST our Bliſs, 'twill not be amiſs,
To talk of our going home late;
If Conſtable *Kite*, or a Piſs-pot at Night,
Should chance to be ſpilt on our Pate:
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or ſcatter out Words that might hurt us;
'Twere better to trudge home to honeſt kind *Joan*,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

THE GOOD-FELLOW.

ALL Hail to the Days that merit more Praiſe,
Then all the reſt of the Year;
And welcome the Nights that bring Delights,
As well to the Poor as the Peer.
Good Fortune attend each merry Man's Friend,
That doth but the beſt he may;
Forgetting old Wrong, with a Cup or a Song,
To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

LET

Let Miſery pack with a Whip at his Back,
Down to the *Tartarian* Flood;
In *Lethe* profound, let Envy be drown'd,
That pines at another Man's Good:
Let Sorrow's Expence, come a thouſand Years hence,
All Payments have great Delay.
And ſpend the long Nights, in honeſt Delights,
To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

The Court in its State, ſets open the Gate,
And gives free Welcome to moſt;
The City likewiſe, tho' ſomething preciſe,
Yet willingly parts with their Roaſt:
But yet by Report, from City and Court,
The Country gets the Day;.
More Liquor is ſpent with better Content,
To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

THE Gentry there, for Coſt do not ſpare,
The Yeomanry faſt not till *Lent*;
The Farmers and ſuch, think nothing too much,
So they keep but to pay for their Rent:
The Pooreſt of all do merrily call,
When at a fit Place they ſtay,
For a Song or a Tale, or a Cup of good Ale,
To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

'Tis ill for a Mind to Evil inclin'd,
To think of ſmall Injuries now;
If Wrath be to ſeek, do not let her thy Cheek,
Nor yet to inhabit thy Brow.
Croſs out of thy Books all Mal-content Looks,
Let Beauty and Youth decay,
And wholly concert with Mirth and with Sport,
To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

The JOVIAL DRINKER.

A POX on thoſe Fools,
Who exclaim againſt Wine,
And fly the dear Sweets,
That the Bottle doth bring;
It heightens the Fancy,
The Wit does refine;
And he that was firſt drunk,
Was made the firſt King.

By the Help of good *Claret*,
Old Age becomes Youth,
And ſick Men ſtill find
This the only Phyſician;
Drink largely you'll know
By Experience the Truth,
That he that drinks moſt
Is the beſt Politician.

To Victory this leads on
The brave Cavalier,
And makes all the Terrors
Of War but Delight:
This flushes his Courage,
And beats off base Fear;
'Twas this that taught *Cæsar*
And *Pompey* to fight.

This supports all our Friends,
And knocks down our Foes;
This makes us all Loyal,
From Courtier to Clown:
Like *Dutchmen* from Brandy,
From this our Strength grows,
So 'tis Wine, Noble Wine,
That's a Friend to the Crown.

THE *Cœleſtial* BANQUET.

OR,

The GODS *and* GODDESSES *drinking of* PUNCH.

THE Gods and the Goddeſſes lately did feaſt,
Where *Ambroſia* with exquiſite Sauces was dreſt,
The Edibles did with their Qualities ſuit,
But what they ſhould drink did occaſion Diſpute:
'Twas Time that old *Nectar* ſhould grow out of Faſhion,
For that they had drank long before the Creation.

When the Sky-colour'd Cloth was remov'd from the Board,

For the Chryſtalline Bowl great *Jove* gave the Word,

This Bowl was of large and moſt Heavenly Size,

In which they did uſe Infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, We're inform'd they drink *Punch* upon Earth,

By which mortal *Wights* quite outdo us in Mirth:

Therefore our wiſe Godheads together let's lay,

And endeavour to make it much ſtronger than they.

'Twas ſpoke like a God — Fill the Bowl to the Top,

He's caſhier'd from the Sky that ſhall leave but a Drop.

Apollo diſpatch'd away one of his Laſſes,

A Pitcher to fill at the Well of *Parnaſſus*;

To Poets new-born this Liquor is brought,

And this they ſuck in for their firſt Morning's Draught.

JUNO for Limons ſent into her Cloſet,

Which when ſhe was ſick ſhe infus'd into Poſſet:

For Goddeſſes may be as ſqueamiſh as Gypſies,

The Sun and the Moon, we find, have their Eclipſes:

Theſe Limons were call'd the *Heſperian* Fruit,

When vigilant Dragon was ſet to look to't;

Three Dozen of thoſe were well ſqueez'd into Water,

The reſt o' th' Ingredients in Order came after.

VENUS, the Admirer of Things that are ſweet,

Without whoſe Infuſion there had been no Treat,

Commanded two Sugar-Loaves, white as her Doves,

Supported to the Table by a Pair of young Loves;

So

So wonderful curious theſe Deities were,

The Sugar they ſtrain'd through a Sieve of fine Hair.

Bacchus gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,

Without his Aſſiſtance there could be no *Punch*;

What he meant by the Signal was very well known,

So they threw in two Gallons of truſty *Langoon*.

Mars, a blunt God, who car'd not for Diſcourſe,

Was ſeated at Table, ſtill twirling his Whiskers,

Quoth he, Fellow-Gods, and Cœleſtial Gallants,

I'd not give a Fart for your *Punch* without *Nantz*,

Therefore, my Boy *Ganymede*, I do command ye

To throw in at leaſt two Gallons of Brandy.

Saturn, who of all the Gods was the oldeſt,

And we may imagine his Stomach was coldeſt;

He

He out of his Pouch did three Nutmegs produce,
Which when they were grated, were put to the Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did crown,
With a Sea-Bisket bak'd very hard by the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began,
Quoth Jove, Let it be to our Creature call'd *Man*;
'Tis to him alone that these Pleasures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

FINIS.

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